claimed over them. The Taiarapuans of to-day, as advanced as any other of the islanders in the arts of life, still retain the fresh vigour of the age of gold* . . . Out of ' The Arabian Nights ' swings by a brown-skinned fisherman bearing a pole on his shoulders hung with those fairyland fishes of translucent scarlet and turquoise blue. A group of women go by ; the foremost carries a heavy bundle on her left arm, a mass of linen in her hands before her and a child astride her right hip. . . . A naked man comes galloping along the road on a thick-set horse, his right hand hanging behind his hip, as a Red Indian rides. . . . De Bougainville . . . called it Paradise/'

But I do not think Calderon saw as much of it as one might gather from this extract. If he had done, he would have used other adjectives than " low " and " sloping " for the hills, which only at this distance and on a cursory inspection give that

impression. He cannot have climbed up on them and he cannot have made the circuit of the peninsula. Few indeed do. But let us go.

There is a road about Port Phaeton, but it is better to cross the water in a canoe. The harbour